THE
CATHOLIC RADICAL

"...to foster a society based on creed instead of greed." Peter Maurin

August/September 2018 ***Price: For whatever it's worth.***

Time for Action

by Scott Schaeffer-Duffy

In May, The Woods Hole Research Center in Massachusetts collected signatures of over 600 science and faith leaders, including Boston's Cardinal Sean O'Malley, on the following statement:

Climate change is an ecological and moral emergency that impacts all other aspects of our shared lives and requires us to work together to protect our common home.

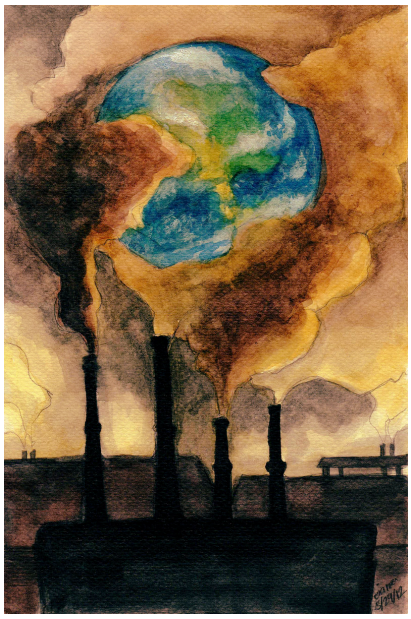
As a community of scientists, we see greenhouse gas emissions from fossil fuels and deforestation causing dangerous changes to the climate and threatening the stability of the planet. We are trained to simply report the facts, but now our findings compel us to public advocacy.

As a community of faith leaders, we have worked together to alleviate poverty, to fight racial and social injustice, and to defend human life. All of these social goods are negatively impacted by climate change, which devastates the most vulnerable and jeopardizes us all.

Motivated by the climate crisis, we come together as people of scientific competence and people of faith because continued inaction is both scientifically irrational and morally indefensible.

All of us—religion, science, business, labor, government, education, civic organizations, communities, and individuals—must do our utmost to reduce greenhouse gas emissions and to protect our communities from the catastrophic impacts of climate change. We especially call upon our political representatives to address the climate crisis with the boldness and urgency it requires, with substantive and immediate action.

...There is still time to take action, and that time is now.



F-AYN-T, DeviantART

It's been twelve years since former US Vice President Al Gore's film, *An Inconvenient Truth*, and three years since Pope Francis' encyclical *Laudato Si*, but we are still not treating climate change as an emergency. Global consumption of fossil fuels has more than doubled in the last thirty years. Despite the fact that Americans represent only 4.28% of the world's population, in 2017 we consumed 18% of the world's energy, derived overwhelmingly from fossil fuels.

American efforts to promote renewable energy have been ridiculously slow to materialize. For example, Cape Wind, an offshore wind farm, was first proposed in 2001. It would have generated 454 megawatts, enough to meet seventy-five percent of the electricity demand for Cape Cod, Martha's Vineyard, and Nantucket combined and offset close to a million tons of carbon dioxide every year, but was defeated over aesthetics. Not until May 2018 did an offshore wind

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It's the Atomic Bomb

by Pedro Arrupe, SJ

Editor's Note: The dreadful possibility of a nuclear attack briefly surfaced in popular consciousness during the US/North Korea crisis last spring. And yet, officials on both sides referred to the weapons of mass destruction as if they were nothing more than chess pieces. We need to humanize the Bomb, connect its devastation to flesh and bones. In that spirit, we offer the following excerpted account from Pedro Arrupe: Essential Writings *edited by Kevin Burke (Orbis Books: Modern Spiritual Masters Series).*

Arrupe, a Jesuit priest, who would go on to become the Superior General of his order, was 37 years old when the first atomic bomb exploded over the Japanese city of Hiroshima, August 6, 1945. It was the Feast of the Transfiguration. Arrupe was the novice master and superior of a community of 35 men located in the town of Nagatsuka on the outskirts of the city. The bomb's blast caused structural damage to the Jesuit residence, but no one in the community was injured, and the house became a makeshift hospital.

I shall never forget my first sight of what was the result of the atomic bomb: a group of young women, eighteen or twenty years old, clinging to one another as they dragged themselves along the road. One had a blister that almost covered her chest; she had burns across half of her face, and a cut in her scalp caused probably by a falling tile, while great quantities of blood coursed freely down her face. On and on they came, a steady procession numbering some 150,000. This gives some idea of the

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Atomic Bomb

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scene of horror that was Hiroshima. . . .

. . . We did the only thing that could be done in the presence of such mass slaughter: we fell on our knees and prayed for guidance, as we were destitute of all human help.

I had studied medicine many years earlier, and I ran back to the house to find medical supplies. I found the medicine chest under some ruins with the door off its hinges. I retrieved some iodine, aspirin, and bicarbonate of soda. Those were the only supplies at a time when 200,000 victims needed help. What could I do? Where to begin? Again I fell on my knees and implored God's help.

It was then that he helped me in a very special way, not with medications but with a simple and essential idea. We quickly decided to clean the house as best we could and tried to accommodate as many of the sick and wounded as we could possibly fit inside. We were able to take only 150. . . .

After twelve hours we were able to enter the [Hiroshima]. As usually happens after great fires, an enormous amount of water vapor condenses and descends in torrential showers. In this way, at least, the burning embers were extinguished.

It was five in the afternoon. An indescribable spectacle met our gaze: a macabre vision which staggered the imagination. Before us lay a city completely destroyed. Through its streets we walked, stepping on ruins under which embers still felt warm. Any carelessness on our part could be fatal.

The original target in Hiroshima was Aioi Bridge, but due to cross wind the atomic bomb detonated directly over Shima Surgical Clinic creating a blast equivalent to 16 kilotons of TNT. The result was total destruction for about 1.6 km, with resulting fires across 11 km2, yet only 1.7% of the material had fissioned. Theoretically, the explosion could have been fifty-three times larger.

Much more terrible, however, was the tragic sight of those thousands of injured people begging for help. One such was a child who had a piece of glass embedded in the pupil of his left eye, and another who had a large wooden splinter protruding like a dagger from between his ribs. Sobbing he called out: "Father, save me!" Another victim was caught between two beams with his legs calcified up to the knees.

Moving along, we saw a young man running toward us half-crazed and calling for help. For twenty minutes he had been hearing his mother's voice as she lay buried under the rubble of what had been their home. The flames were already enveloping her body, and his efforts to lift the large wooden beams that held her captive had been in vain.

More heartbreaking, perhaps, were the cries of the children calling to their parents. Some two hundred children had perished in one school when the roof had collapsed on them. . . .

We were to witness more horrible scenes that night. As we approached the river, the spectacle was awful beyond words. Fleeing the flames and availing themselves of low tide, the people lay across both shores, but in the middle of the night the tide began to rise, and the wounded, exhausted now and half buried in mud, could not move. The cries of those drowning are something I shall never forget.

At five in the morning, we finally arrived at our destination [Nagatsuka] and began our first treatments on the Fathers [Jesuits residing in Hiroshima who were injured]. In spite of the urgency of our work, we had first stopped to celebrate our Masses. Assuredly, it was in such moments of tragedy that we felt God most near to us. It is at such moments one feels in need of supernatural assistance.

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CATHOLIC **RADICAL**

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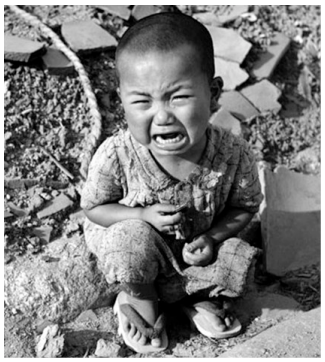
Founded in 1933 by Dorothy Day and Peter Maurin, the Catholic Worker is a lay movement serving the poor while denouncing injustice and proclaiming peace. We are not tax exempt. We rely entirely on the generosity of our supporters to meet our expenses. We welcome volunteers, letters, poetry, articles, artwork, and donations.

The external surroundings in which the Holy Sacrifices were being offered were not such as might promote sensible devotion. In turning around to say "*Dominus Vobiscum*" [The Lord be with you], I saw before my eyes many wounded, suffering terribly. While reading the Epistle and the Gospel, I had to be careful not to touch with my feet the children that lay so close to me. They wanted to see closely this stranger who was wearing such odd clothing and performing those ceremonies they had never seen before. In spite of it all, I do not think I have ever said mass with such devotion. . . .



Among all the cases we treated, perhaps those that caused us the most suffering were the children. Everyone knows that in Japan, children are adored. They take extreme care with their education to such a degree that there is no illiteracy in Japan: all go to primary and secondary schools; all know how to read and write. At the time of the atomic bomb, most of the children were in their respective schools. For that reason, during the explosion thousands of children were separated from their parents; many were wounded and cast into the streets without being able to fend for themselves. We brought all we could to Nagatsuka and began treating them immediately so as to prevent infection and fever.

We had absolutely no anesthetics, and some of the children were horribly wounded. One had a cut from ear to ear as a result of a beam that fell on his head. The edge of the wound was over half an inch wide; the injured region of the scalp was filled with clay and pieces of glass. The screams of the poor child during his treatment so upset the entire house that we had no choice but to tie him into a cart with sheets and take him to the top of a hillock near the house. That spot was converted into an amphitheater where we could work, and the child could scream all he wanted without making everyone else a nervous wreck.

Our hearts were torn apart during these treatments, but greater was the consolation at the being able to restore the children to their parents. Through the Japanese police, who were well organized, we were able to contact all the families whose children we had in the house. Memorable are those scenes of reunion with children that we thought dead in the explosion, and now were found alive and well, or at least in the process of healing. Those mothers and fathers, overcome with joy, did not know how to express their gratitude, and throwing themselves at our feet, reminded us of the Acts of the Apostles when pagans falling on their knees, adored the disciples of Christ as gods.

Apart from all these understandable events, there was one that disconcerted us greatly. Many who were in the city at the moment of the explosion had suffered no apparent injuries whatsoever, but who, nevertheless, after a few days felt weak and came to us saying they felt a terrible interior heat, that perhaps they had inhaled poisonous gas, and in a short time they were dead. . . .

Of the dead, fifty thousand died the moment of the explosion itself, another two hundred thousand during the following weeks, and others much later as a result of wounds or radiation. Until the day after the explosion, we did not know that we were dealing with the first atomic bomb to explode in the world.

At first, without electricity or radio, we were cut off from the rest of the world. The following day cars and trains began arriving from Tokyo and Osaka with help for Hiroshima. They stayed in the outskirts of the city, and when we questioned them as to what had happened, they answered very mysteriously: "The first atomic bomb has exploded."

"But what is the atomic bomb?"

They would answer: "The atom bomb is a terrible thing."

"We have seen how terrible it is; but what is it?"

And they would repeat: "It's the atomic bomb. . . the atomic bomb."

They knew nothing but the name. It was a new word that was coming for the first time into the vocabulary. Besides, the knowledge that it was the atomic bomb that had exploded was no help to us at all from a medical standpoint, as no one in the world knew its full effects on the human organism. We were, in effect, the first guinea pigs in such experimentation. . . .Ω

Pope Francis on Nagasaki

In January of this year, as reporters boarded his plane bound for Chile, Vatican officials handed out this photograph taken in 1945 that shows a young Japanese boy carrying his dead brother to be cremated following the U.S. nuclear attack on Nagasaki.

"I was moved when I saw this. The only thing I could think of adding were the words 'the fruit of war'," Pope Francis said. "I wanted to have it reprinted and distributed because an image like this can be more moving than a thousand words. That is why I wanted to share it with you," he said. Ω

Action

(Continued from Page 1)

farm win approval. It will produce 800 megawatts, but won't be up an running until 2021. Meanwhile, British and German wind farms already produce 12 gigawatts (12,000 megawatts) of electricity. Germany alone produced 38.2 gigawatts from solar compared to only 18.3 gigawatts by the US, despite the fact that Germany is only 9% of the size of the United States. Sweden has set a goal to eliminate the use of fossil fuels within its borders. Costa Rica gets 99% of its electricity from renewables. Scotland gets 97% of its electricity from wind power. Meanwhile, we generate less than 10% of our power from renewables. Arizona, our sunniest state, gets only 6% of its power from solar. A campaign to raise that figure to 50% by 2030, a woefully modest goal, is being fiercely opposed by Republican legislators and the state's power companies.

American efforts to combat global warming were feeble before the Trump presidency and are even more so now. Plastic bags are not only banned in much of Europe, but also in Tunisia and Kenya. Even Al Shabab, an East African group affiliated with Al Queda, banned plastic bags. Meanwhile, the 2018 Dodge Ram 1500 pickup truck, a vehicle that gets only 17 miles per gallon on average, broke a US sales record in July. Once we realize the deadly effect climate change has on the developing world, guzzling gas and dumping plastic becomes not only selfish, but also racist.

Wealthy cities like Boston can engineer dikes, dams, and waterways to deal with rising sea levels. Impoverished islands and coastal cities cannot. In as little as ten years, vast portions of many countries will no longer be habitable. The immigration concerns of today will be dwarfed by those of the future. If US carbon production continues to grow, wars between the haves and have nots are inevitable.

In a talk offered at the 2018 European Catholic Worker Gathering in Dülmen, Germany, English Catholic Worker Martin Newell warned that catastrophic consequences of climate change are already happening. Higher temperatures cause droughts, displace people, and drive species into extinction. Climate change exacerbates poverty, migration, and war. The time had come, Martin said, for environmental, immigration, and peace activists to join forces.

But Martin also pointed out that a truly serious campaign against global warming can be effective in as little as five years. He reminded us how the United States transformed its entire economy from peace to war between 1941 and 1944. That effort required rationing, conservation, recycling, and enormous investment in new technology. Martin said nothing short of a similar mobilization is required to address global warming quickly enough.

Martin cited studies that argue it only takes three percent of the population protesting in the streets to inspire change. He said English Catholic Workers were considering nonviolent blockades in downtown London to raise the alarm.

As a parent and grandparent, a Catholic who cares about the poor, immigrants, and peace, I realize it's not enough to drive a hybrid car, use LED light bulbs, and generate some electricity with solar panels. My commitment must go beyond technological changes and include sacrifice. If my starting point is maintaining a high-consumption, trash-disposing lifestyle, I am treating climate change as an inconvenience rather than an emergency.

But I must not delude myself into believing that personal conservation is adequate. Climate change came about through a marriage of corporate and governmental interests. In July, Rhode Island filed a lawsuit against ExxonMobil, Chevron, BP, Royal Dutch Shell, and other corporations, saying: "Big oil knew for decades that greenhouse gas pollution from their operations and their products was having a significant and detrimental impact on the earth's climate. Instead of working to reduce that harm, these companies chose to conceal the dangers, undermine public support for greenhouse gas regulation, and engage in massive campaigns to promote the ever-increasing use of their products and ever-increasing revenues in their pockets."

The time has come to make the producers of fossil fuels pay for the carbon they dump into the environment. Economists agree that holding oil, coal, and gas producers responsible for the environmental cost of their products is the fastest way to end climate change.

Therefore, I propose that October 4, the Feast of Saint Francis of Assisi, be proclaimed a day of nonviolent action to eliminate fossil fuel consumption. Like the English Catholic Workers, we will underscore the urgency of the situation with civil disobedience. Armed with the moral arguments of Pope Francis and the scientific ones from Woods Hole, we will declare October 4 a carbon-free day. We will call on all institutions to divest from fossil fuels and will use our bodies to close gas stations, if only for the short time it might take the police to arrest us. We can stress the urgency of the situation by spending the night in jail and taking the issue to trial. There is time for nonviolent training, prayerful reflection, ground-breaking outreach, and logistical planning.

God willing, many communities will act on October 4, the feast day of an environmentalist and peacemaker saint.

The London-based Movement for the Abolition of War says, "Climate change causes war." Let's proclaim, "Nonviolent action saves the planet." Ω

Prayer/Planning Meetings For St. Francis Day Action

Sunday, Aug. 5 & 19, Sept. 9 & 23
2-3 PM, 52 Mason Street, Worcester

Tackling Climate Change

Twenty-five years ago people could be excused for not knowing much, or doing much, about climate change. Today we have no excuse.... People of conscience need to break their ties with corporations financing the injustice of climate change. We can, for instance, boycott events, sports teams and media programming sponsored by fossil fuel energy companies. ... We can encourage more of our universities and municipalities and cultural institution to cut their ties to the fossil fuel industry. We can organize car-free days and build broader societal awareness. We can ask our religious communities to speak out....We can press our governments to invest in renewable energy and stop subsidizing fossil fuels. Where possible, we can install our own solar panels and water heaters.

We cannot necessarily bankrupt the fossil fuel industry. But we can take steps to reduce its political clout, and hold those who rake in the profits accountable for cleaning up the mess.

And the good news is that we don't have to start from scratch. Young people across the world have already begun to do something about it. The fossil fuel divestment campaign is the fastest growing corporate campaign of its kind in history. Ω

Archbishop Desmond Tutu
April 11, 2014

As long as fossil fuels are cheap, they will be burned and emissions will be high. Fossil fuel use will decline only if the price is made to include costs of pollution and climate change to society. The simplest and most effective way to do this is by collecting a rising carbon fee from fossil fuel companies at domestic mines and ports of entry.

Economists agree: If 100 percent of this fee is distributed uniformly to the public, the economy will be spurred, GNP will rise, and millions of jobs will be created. Our energy infrastructure will be steadily modernized with clean energies and energy efficiency. Ω

James Hansen
Director of the Climate Science Awareness and Solutions program at Columbia

Are Trump Policies Racist?

Within days of his election, President Trump declared travel bans from non-white majority Muslim countries, severely curtailed visas for immigrant workers and foreign students, and virtually halted the acceptance of asylum seekers and refugees. Since then, he has stripped citizenship from a number of long-time US residents of foreign origin. On top of this, thousands of highly-skilled and educated immigrants who were on a path to US citizenship in exchange for service in the US military are being been discharged without warning or explanation. By referring to immigrants as "animals," "rapists," "drug dealers," or "gang members," "infesting" the US, President Trump has stoked white American fear and empowered openly racist organizations. Domestically, he has weakened the Voting Rights Act, stopped federal investigation of civil rights abuses by white police officers who killed unarmed Blacks, appointed a record high percentage of white male federal judges, and added a citizenship question to the 2020 census. It becomes clearer each day that Trump is appealing to a base that is terrified of the browning of America. A July poll found that 55% of Americans believe the president is emboldening racists.

On June 30, rallies were held in every US state to protest President Trump's immigration policies and to uphold the American ideal of welcoming newcomers from all lands. The diverse crowd which gathered in Worcester represented a compassionate view of America— a vision that will prevail if more and more of us support it. Ω

Migrant Trail Rosary

by John Heid

A traditional Catholic rosary consists of five decades, totaling fifty-nine beads, and a crucifix on a cord. Within the past year fifty-eight bodies where recovered from the Sonoran Sesert in the vicinity of Ajo, Arizona, forty-two miles north of the US-Mexico border. Humanitarian aid organizations estimate that for every body recovered, at least five are not. The remote nature of borderlands and the natural conditions accelerate decomposition. Fifty-eight bodies, fifty-nine beads.

In May, residents of Ajo initiated a monthly vigil in the town's central plaza to commemorate the lives of those who have died in and near their community. Most of the deceased are unidentified. Their names may never be known. The vigil has brought into the open a hidden wound. It allows the community to acknowledge and grieve this ongoing tragedy. As the circle of awareness widens, there is an increase in the numbers of people providing humanitarian aid, mostly by placing gallons of water on the many migrant trails around town.

Humanitarian aid workers often place rosaries at the water sites. We have heard that many people crossing feel that rosaries are a sign that the water is safe, not contaminated by anti-migrant militia groups who patrol the border. Given that devotion to the Virgin of Guadalupe is a phenomenon in Latin American culture, the rosary is seen as a sign of comfort on the trail.

Bead by bead, bottle by bottle, prayer and action co-mingle. The water provides a moment of relief. The unspoken prayer represented by the rosaries is that not only will people make the journey safely, but that one day no one will have to endure this trauma. We envision a day of safe passage for all. Ω

How Should We Check Our Privilege?

by Eboo Patel

Editor's Note: This article is reprinted from the 4/10/18 issue of Inside Higher Ed.

I first heard the word "privilege" as an undergraduate at the University of Illinois in the early-mid 1990s. As a student of color on campus who had grown up with a fair amount of racism, I quite enjoyed telling white students to "check their race privilege."

But as someone who had attended excellent public schools growing up, I had acquired no small amount of privilege myself. For example, I came into college typing 50 words per minute. Most college-bound students at my high school took typing because they knew how useful it would be for their future (professional) careers. I remember watching really smart fellow students at Illinois who hadn't gone to well-resourced high schools peck-peck-pecking away at the keyboard with one finger on each hand, and thinking "Boy, if they only had the foresight to take a typing course, they'd be done with that paper more quickly."

I, of course, never thought about the fact that my high school had literally hundreds of typewriters and computers available for use by the future knowledge-workers of America.

That's privilege. In short, unearned advantage that makes life easier for some and harder for others, advantage that often has serious implications for everything from personal safety to professional success.

But what does it mean to "check your privilege" – a common line among diversity progressives, on college campuses and beyond. I did not earn the typewriters in my high school, and typing fast gave me a serious advantage over others in college. Should I have "checked my privilege" by forcing myself to type with two fingers? And how should a white person check his or her whiteness?

On this question, I've been appreciating the hard-nosed insights contained in Phoebe Maltz Bovy's *The Perils of Privilege*,

Maltz Bovy quotes the scholar Peggy McIntosh's famous 1988 paper *White Privilege and Male Privilege: A Personal Account of Coming to See Correspondences Through Work in Women's Studies*: "As we in Women's Studies work to reveal male privilege and ask men to give up some of their power, so one who writes about white privilege must ask, 'Having described it, what will I do to lessen or end it?'"

Maltz Bovy searches through some of McIntosh's other work, including an interview she did with Joshua Rothman of *The New Yorker*, and discovers that McIntosh

Käthe Kollwitz's Solidarity

does not actually have very good plans for giving up white privilege, and moreover acknowledges that all the talk about checking privilege may actually make privileged people (subconsciously, no doubt) more likely to hoard their privilege. Maltz Bovy concludes, somewhat cheekily, "The only concrete aim of the privilege-awareness project might well be that it inspires more privilege workshops and for-credit privilege coursework, aimed mainly at privileged students."

So let's ask some hard questions. Should I check my class privilege by, say, not passing it down to my children? Knowing that an excellent public education delivered a good part of the privilege I carry; and knowing that an excellent education is largely determined by whether you have the money to buy into an expensive neighborhood; and knowing that every time a person with money purchases or rents such housing it drives housing prices up, making it harder for poor and working class folks to buy into those neighborhoods and put their kids in top-notch public schools … should I not use my money to purchase such housing to get my kids an excellent public education?

I, of course, do. If anybody reading this does not attempt to give their kids every class/educational advantage they can (knowing full well that when they call in a connection to get their kids into that super awesome afterschool program or summer camp, it means somebody else's kid just got dropped from the list), I'd love to hear about it.

I say that not as a sassy challenge, but because I've actually seen a group of people who, to the best of their ability, did in fact give up their class privilege: Catholic Workers.

Founded by Dorothy Day during the Great Depression, the Catholic Worker is an anarchist movement of people who attempt to live like Jesus did. They do not simply serve the poor, they live with them in houses of hospitality across the country. They believe that what you do not immediately need belongs to those who go without. Nobody owns anything. Everything is held in common.

Back when I believed my own rhetoric about checking my privilege, I spent a lot of time in Catholic Worker houses up and down the East Coast, and actually lived in the St. Francis House in Chicago for several months right after college. I met people who left their college degrees off their resumes when they applied for jobs because they viewed listing their education as taking unfair advantage of their privilege. I knew others who, after being arrested while protesting a US military campaign, refused to post bail money on the principle that if others did not have the means to do so, they would in solidarity go to jail with them.

Catholic Workers were smarter than my Marxist professors and more radical than the most militant activists I knew. The thing that impressed me most about them: the utter absence of self-righteousness.

I honestly have neither their spine nor their soul. I use the term 'soul' intentionally. In my experience, the people who are the most likely to give up their own privilege rather than check other people's are religious people – Gandhi, Bonhoeffer, Dorothy Day, Oscar Romero, etc.

If religious identity can be an inspiration for "(being) the change you want to see in the world" (Gandhi), why is it so infrequently discussed in diversity progressive circles? Ω

LETTERS

Greetings:
With the article about CW farms, you published a photo of Dorothy Day and John Filliger, stating that it was taken at "Maryfarm." It was actually taken in the dining room of the CW farm at Tivoli, New York. That farm never did have a name that stuck; people just referred to it as "Tivoli."

In the 1960s and 1970s, I was a frequent visitor to the Tivoli farm. As such, I immediately recognize the table at which Dorothy is seated in the company of John Filliger and the utility sink closet seen in the background.

The New York CW had two farms called Maryfarm. They did not overlap operationally. The first one was in Easton, Pennsylvania (1936-1945). The second was in Newburgh, New York (1946-1955). I bring this up because the names of the CW farms, the periods within which they operated, and the history associated with each one have been confused and misrepresented with alarming frequency in recent years, as errors reduplicate and proliferate via the Internet. I was a NY CW child and I am now 75. Soon there will be no one left alive who knew those early CW farms. It happens that I and/or my family lived for short periods of time on all of the NY CW farms over the years, with the exception of the first little "garden commune" on Staten Island (1935). I was born in Easton when my parents were living on the original "Maryfarm." Dorothy and Peter were my godparents. We lived for some years over the CW storefront on Mott Street. Then we lived for over a year on the second "Maryfarm" in Newburgh NY. Later, on the first Peter Maurin Farm on Staten Island. Then came the Tivoli era. Currently (as you know), the NY CW operates "Peter Maurin Farm" (PMF #2, sigh) in Marlborough, New York. I visited that farm several times. John Filliger farmed ALL of those rural communes and died at Marlborough.

Johannah Hughes Turner
Charleston, West Virginia

Greetings!
Thought you might like this quote of Saint Francis: "Start by doing what's necessary, then do what's possible, and suddenly you are doing the impossible."

Sister Betty Donoghue
Saint Mary of the Woods, Indiana

Dear Scott,
Thank you so much for sending me a copy of *Murder on Mott Street*. It's a wonderful book. Thank you for the way you portrayed Dorothy, Tamar, Peter, and the world of the Catholic Workers. I learned so much about the thinking and the goodness, the love, and the generosity of those marvelous souls.... Bravo.

Rev. John Doyle
Boston, Massachusetts

Dear Claire and Scott,
I've long appreciated "Mason Street Musings." Personalism seems so easy to embrace and understand, reading your newsletter entries. I especially appreciated reading about Lula Dyer. Thanks for every line. I'm so glad you were neighbors.

I just returned to Chicago after travel to Kabul, a return flight into DC, and a Greyhound bus home. A little heap of mail awaited me, but I knew the "Mason Street Musings" would put wind in my sails, so I read your writing first.

Kathy Kelly
Chicago, Illinois

Catholic Worker Calendar

August 7 — Vigil for Nuclear Disarmament: Join us between the August 6 and 9 anniversaries of the atomic bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, Japan in a vigil for nuclear disarmament. Lincoln Square, Worcester, 4-5 P.M.

August 8, 22 & September 5, 19 — Evening Prayer: Join us for prayer and Taize chant. 7 P.M., 52 Mason Street. Refreshments to follow.

August 18 & September 15 — Vigil to Reverse the Gun Culture: Join us at The Gun Parlor shooting range. 12:30-1:30 P.M., 170 Prescott Street, Worcester.

September 12 — Sing Along: The incomparable Dan Burke accompanies us with music from many generations. Send your favorite songs to theresecw2@gmail.com. An event not to be missed. We'll provide the lyrics, food, and drink. 7 P.M. 52 Mason Street.

September 14 — Vigil to Remove ROTC: Join us on the steps of Dinand Library in our annual appeal on the feast of the Holy Cross for the removal of (ROTC) military training from Worcester's Holy Cross College. 11:30 A.M. -12:30. P.M.

Dorothy Day on Privilege

Every one of us who was attracted to the poor had a sense of guilt, of responsibility, a feeling that in some way we were living on the labor of others. The fact that we were born in a certain environment, were enabled to go to school, were endowed with the ability to compete with others and hold our own, that we had few physical disabilities — all these things marked us as the privileged in a way.

The Long Loneliness

For a total Christian the goad of duty is not needed – always prodding him [or her] to perform this or that good deed. It is not a duty to help Christ, it is a privilege. Ω

Room for Christ

Mason Street Musings

When we moved here in 1987, Mason Court, the short cul-de-sac next to our house, featured six almost identical small homes built shortly after the American Civil War to house freed slaves who came north to work as railway porters. A black man with long ties to the neighborhood, Bobby Walker, lived in the house immediately behind us. The Yarnies, a family from Ghana, lived in another. When you added several Latino families, the Tolsons in the triple decker at the corner, the Dyers across the street, and Little Rob next to them, Mason Court and Mason Street hummed with activity.

Over the years, the neighborhood changed. Bobby Walker's house, which used to block out all sun from the west, burned down. Several years later, it was demolished, and he gave us permission to start a little green space the kids named, "No Fighting Park." Then, a fire in the triple decker left it unoccupied for several years. One, two, and then three of the houses on the court became vacant. For a time, we had to contend with squatting drug users.

Frances and Theo

But then, one house at a time was renovated, and we gained new neighbors. There are two young couples, one Puerto Rican and the other Brazilian, each with a lovely children. Families from Vietnam, the Philippines, and Iran also moved in. The Brazilians joined us on the fourth of July as Claire set off fireworks. There's a nice spirit growing among us all, even if I cannot for the life of me stop myself from trying to speak Spanish to the Brazilians and Filipinos.

The neighborhood rebirth is paralleling our own. In 1987, our community was made up of Claire, myself, Sarah Jeglosky, and Dan Ethier. Over the years, different people have lived in community here, including Dave Maciewski, Dan Lawrence, Cinnamon Sarver, Timothy and Christa Aikens-Hill, Brenna Cussen, Mike Benedetti, and Robert Peters, but, recently, Claire and I have been the only live-in workers. That will change in September when a young German named Miriam joins us for six months alongside, Hannah, an intern from Harvard Divinity School. Added to them, we now often host our three (soon to be four) grandchildren. It was *déjù vu* all over again on July 4th when I heard the little ones squealing with delight as they soaked each other with a garden hose.

As a teen, I imagined each stage in life as a unique stepping stone to the next. Graduating high school, going to college, falling in love, getting married, then having a child were all new experiences. It seemed natural to me to watch our first born go from chewing on board books, to listening to nursery rhymes, to enjoying picture books, all the way to listening to me read novels aloud.

What I didn't realize is that, with each new child, the process starts again, and then again with grandchildren. My assumption that life is a straight line has been replaced with a more circular paradigm. Beginnings, middles, and ends are generally followed with new beginnings, and so on. And, to my surprise, the repetition isn't at all boring. In fact, it's a bit exhilarating.

May life be as cyclically full of joy for all of you as it is for us here on Mason Street. Ω **Scott**

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